

1507/462

THE
GREAT MAN'S
ANSWER

TO
Are these Things So ?

IN A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

HIS HONOUR and the ENGLISHMAN
in His GROTT O.

Qui capit ———

By the AUTHOR of, *Are these Things So ?*

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TO

Are these Things So?

E.M. AIL blest *Elizium*! sweet, secure



Retreat ;

Quiet and Contemplation's sacred
Seat !

Here may my Life's last Lamp in
Freedom burn,

Nor live to light my Country to her Urn :

Die 'ere that huge *Leviathan* of State

Shall swallow all — Who thunders at my Gate !

See *John* --- But hah ! what Tempest shakes my Cell ?

Whence these big Drops that Ooze from ev'ry Shell ?

From this obdurate Rock whence flow those Tears ?

Sure some *Ill Power's* at hand --- Soft ! it appears.

B 2

E. M.

E. M. What's That approaches, *John* ? *J.* Why Sir, 'tis He.

E. M. What He ? *J.* Why He Himself, Sir ; the great He.

E. M. Enough. *G. M.* Your Slave, Sir. *E. M.* No, Sir, I'm your Slave,

Or soon shall be — How then must I behave ?
Must I fall prostrate at your Feet ? Or how —
I've heard the *Dean*, but never saw him Bow.

G. M. Hoh ! hoh ! you make me laugh. *E. M.* So *Nero* play'd,

Whilst *Rome* was by his Flames in Ashes laid.

G. M. Well, solemn Sir, I'm come, if you think fit,
To solve your Question. *E. M.* Bless me ! pray, Sir, sit.

G. M. The Door ! *E. M.* No Matter, Sir, my Door won't shut :

Stay here, *John* ; we've no Secrets *G. M.* Surly Put !
How restiff still ! but I have *what* will win him
Before we part, or else the Devil's in him.

E. M. I wait your Pleasure, Sir. *G. M.* Why Fame, you say,

Reports that I'm the Author of 'To-Day :

I am — But not the Day that you describe,
Black with imagin'd Ills — Your Patriot Tribe,

Those



Those growling, restless, factious Malecontents,
 Whoblast all Schemes, and rail at all Events ;
 Whom Ministers, nor Kings, nor Gods can please ;
 Whose Rage my Ruin only can appease :
 That motley Crew, the Scum of ev'ry Sect,
 Who'd fain destroy, because they can't direct ;
 Wits, Common-Council-Men, and Brutes in Fur,
 Knights of the Shire, and of the Post. -- *E. M.* This
 Sir,

Is *Gazetteer* Abuse. *G. M.* These Miscreants dire
 Apply the Torch themselves, then cry out Fire ;
 In Rhime in Prose, in Prints, and in Debate,
 They falsely represent the Nation's State.

Go forth, and see if *Britain's* fall'n *so low*.

Fly to her Coasts, and mark the glorious *Show* :

See Fleets how gallant ! See *Marines* how stout !

That wait but till the *Wind shall turn about*.

E. M. What a whole *Twelvemonth* ! *G. M.*

Pray Sir, hear me out.

See all their Sails unfurl'd, their Streamers play ;

You'd think old *Neptune's* self kept Holiday :

These shall protect our Commerce, scour the Main,

The Honour of the *British* Flag maintain ;

Pour

Pour the avenging Thunder on the Foe,
And -- *E. M.* Mighty well ; but when are they to go ?

G. M. When ? Psha ! why look'ee, Sir, that
Time will show. }

Next view the martial Guardians of the Land :
Lo ! her gay Warriors redden all the Strand :

Cockade behind *Cockade*, each Entrance keep,
Whilst in their Sheaths ten thousand Falchions *sleep*.

E. M. But, Sir, 'tis urg'd that these are needless quite,
Kept only for Review, and not for Fight :
That Fleets are *Britain's* Safety — *G. M.* Stupid Elves !
Why these, Sir, are to *save you* from *yourselves* :
Ye're prone, ye're prone to murmur and rebel,
And when mild Methods fail, we must compel :
Besides, consider Sir, *tb'Election's* near —

E. M. --O, Sir, I'm answer'd--Now the *Case* is *clear*.

G. M. Ay, -- I shall answer all the rest as well.

E. M. I doubt it not. *G. M.* On *Se--s* next you fell :
Fie ! that was paw -- *Se--s* are *sacred* Things,
And *no more* capable of *Ill* than -- *K—*.

E. M. 'Tis granted. *G. M.* Yet at them your Gall
is spit ;
You're told they *Yea* and *No* as I think fit ;

And

And that, if some brave *One* *Rebellious* prov'd,
 From his Lord's Banquet he was strait remov'd;
 Cast into utter *Darkness*, like the Guest,
 Who was not in a *Wedding Garment* dress'd.

Well, What of that? should not the *Blind* be led?
 Should not so vast a *Body* have a *Head*?

And if *one Finger's* *gangreen'd*, sure 'tis best
 To lop it off 'ere it infect the rest.

Free P——ts! mere stuff—What would be done?

Let loose, five hundred different *Ways* they'd run;

They'd Cavil, Jarr, Dispute, O'eturn, Project,

And the great *Bus'ness* of *Supply* Neglect;

On *Grievances*, not *Ways* and *Means* would go;

Nor one round *Vote of Credit* e'er bestow:

The *sinking Fund* would *strangely* be apply'd,

And *secret service Money* quite deny'd:

Whilst *Soap* and *Candles* we *untax'd* should rue,

And *Salt* itself would lose it's *Savour* too:

Ev'n *Gin* would then be drank without controul,

And the poor *civil List* be ne'er lick'd whole.

Down go all *Pensioners*, all *Placemen* down,

Those lov'd and trusty *Servants* of the Crown,

Who're

Who're always ready at their Chief's Command,
 Would have no *Vote* to save the *sinking* Land :
 Ev'n *Levy's* Bench might lose its sacred *Weight*,
 Remov'd, O *sad Translation* ! from the State.
 Then Pens like yours would *freely* vent their *Rage*,
 No *License* on the *Press*, or on the *Stage* ;
 Whilst loyal *Gazetteers*, tho' ne'er so witty,
 No more might chasten the *Rebellious City* :
 No more sage *Freeman* trumpet out my Fame,
 Nor *unstamp'd Farthing-Posts* my worth proclaim.

E. M. Indeed——such dire *Calamities* attend !

G. M. O worse, Sir, worse——Heav'n knows where it
 might end

Perhaps *Ourself* and our dear *Brother* too,
 No longer might our Country's *Business* do——

E. M. That, Sir, you've done already——rather, then,
Your Business would be done. *G. M.* Ungrateful Men !

We

We that have serv'd you at such vast Expence,
 And gone thro' thick and thin. *E. M.* There's no
 Defence,
 Would serve your Purpose——Hence, then, good
 Sirs, Hence;

Fly, for the Evil Day's at Hand, pray fly——

G. M. What leave my Country to be *lost*?——Not I.
 The Danger's yet but in Imagination,
 I hope one *Seven Years* more to *save* the Nation.

In vain you Patriot Oafs pronounce my Fall,
 Like the great LAUREAT, *S'Blood I'll stand you all.*
 What tho' you've made the *People* loath my Name,
 I live not on such slender Food as Fame;
 And yet that *People's mine*——My Will obey
 Implicit Bow beneath my sovereign Sway,
 Whilst these my *Messengers* prepare my Way;
 These all your Slanders will at Sight refute,
 They're sterling Evidence which none dispute.
 For these, Content, or to be damn'd or sav'd——

E. M.——Nay, if they will, why let 'em be enslav'd:
 as they will barter all that's Good and Great,
 For present Pelf, nor mind their future State;

B

If

If none Thy baleful Influence will withstand,
 Go forth, *Corruption*, Lord it o'er the Land ;
 If they are Thine for better and for worse,
 On Them and on their Children light the Curse.

G. M. *Corruption*, Sir !—pray use a milder Term ;
 'Tis only a Memento to be *firm* ;
 The Times are greatly alter'd——Years ago,
 A Man would blush the World his *Price* should know :
 Scruple to own his *Voice* was to be bought ;
 And meanly minded what the Million thought ;
 Our Age more *Prudent*, and *Sincere* is grown,
 The Hire they *wisely* take, they *bravely* own ;
 Laugh at the Fool, who lets his *Conscience* stand,
 To barr his Passage to the promis'd Land ;
 Or, sway'd by Prejudice, or puny Pride,
 Thinks *Right* and *Int'rest* of a different Side.

E. M. O Nation lost to Honour and to Shame ?
 So, then, *Corruption* now has chang'd its Name :

And

And what was once a paultry *Bribe*, to Day

Is gently stil'd an *Honourable Pay*.

Blessings on that great Genius who has wrought

This strange Conversion——Who has bravely bought

Our Liberty from Virtue——pray go on.

G. M. Of Commerce next you talk——pretend 'tis
gone,

To *Foreign Climes*——*Amen*, for what I care,

Perdition on the Merchants——They must dare !

To thwart my Purpose—I detest them—E. M. How!

G. M. Yes——And I think I'm *even* with 'em now!

They would not be *convention'd*, nor *exercis'd*,

But they shall feel the Scourge themselves advis'd ;

They shall be swingingly *bewarr'd*, I'll swear ;

And since they'd not my *little Finger* bear,

My *Loins* shall press 'em 'till they guilty plead,

And sue for Mercy at my Feet—E. M. Indeed !

G. M. Aye, trust me, shall they——E. M. But
don't tell 'em so ;

For they're a stubborn *sturdy* Gang you know. }

G. M. O! they'll be *supple* when their *Cash* runs low. }

Their *Purse*, which makes them proud and insolent,

A trav'ling with their Commerce shall be sent——

E. M.

E. M. Take Care they don't send you a trav'ling first ;

G. M. No, Sir, I dare 'em now to do their Worst.

Seven Sessions more I am at least secure---

E. M. Nay, then you'll crush 'em quite?--- But are you sure,

There is a *Spirit*, Sir. *G. M.* What Spirit pray ?

A *Spirit* that the *Treasury* can't lay.

E. M. I'm answer'd Sir,--- *G. M.* Next, Friend, one Word about

Those spiteful Innuendoes you throw out,

That squint at *Contracts*, *Forage*, and what not,

'Tis *more* than Time that those Things were forgot.

You should not link the *present* with the *past*---

E. M. Yes, when they make one *glorious Whole* at last ;

When, tho' *Times differ*, *Actions* still agree,

And what Men *were* they *are*--- What they *will* be,

We safely may pronounce--- *G. M.* Well, Sir, but why

On my dear Family and Friends this Cry ?

Suppose they've Places, Wealth, and Titles too,

Merit like *Ours* should surely have its *Due*.

That *squeamish* Steward's of all Fools the worst,

That lays not up for his *own Household* first ;

Nor takes a *proper* Care of those *staunch* Friends,

By whose *good Services* he gains his Ends.

Besides,

Besides, who'd drudge the *Mill-Horse* of the State;
 Curs'd by the 'Vulgar, envy'd by the Great;
 In one fastidious Round of Hurry live,
 And join, in Toil, the *Matin* with the *Eve*;
 Be hourly plagu'd 'bout Pensions, Strings, Translations;
 Or, worse! that damn'd *Affair* of Foreign Nations.
 Make *War* and *Treaties* with alternate Pain:
 First sweat to build, then to pull down again.
 Who'd cringe at *Levees*, or in *Closets*--- Oh!
 Stoop to the *rough* Remonstrance of the *Toe*?
 Did not some Genius whisper, "That's the Road
 " To Opulence, and Honour's bless'd Abode;
 " Thus you may aggrandize yourself, and Race;
 " *Pension* this *Knight*, or give that *Peer* a *Place*."

E. M. So *Angria*, Sir, as justly might declare,
 He *plunder'd* only to *enrich* his *Heir*;
 Nor longer would his *Piracies* pursue,
 Than 'till he had *provided* for his *Crew*.

G. M. Your Servant, Sir, I think you're pretty *free*--
E. M. Why Truth is Truth, Sir, and will out, you see;
G. M. Yes, S'death! but *couple Angria* with me!

E.

E. M. I'll say no more on't --- G. M. No you've said
enough

And what you next advise, is canting Stuff.

Turn my Eyes inwards ! not quite so devout ;
They've Task sufficient to look sharp *without* :
And should the fatal Sisters cut my Thread
Some *score Years* hence--- I trouble not my Head
Where I'm entomb'd, or number'd with *what* Dead ;
I want no *Grave-Stone* to promulge my *Fame*,
Nor trust to *breathless Marble* for a *Name*,
BRITANNIA's self a *Monument* shall stand
Of the *blest'd Dowry* I bequeath my Land :
Her Sons shall hourly my *dear Conduct* boast ;
They *best* can speak it, who will *feel* it most.
But if some grateful Verse *must* grace my Urn,
Attend ye *Gazetteers*---Be this the Turn----

Weep, Britons, weep--- Beneath this Stone lies He,
Who set your Isle from dire Divisions free,
And made your various Factions all agree.

E. M. That's right. G. M. You'd have me quit too--
No, I'll still
Drive on, and make you happy 'gainst your Will.

As

As for your *may* and *may*, Sir,--- *may be Not*,
Can my *vast Services* be *There* forgot?

As for those *lauded Successors* you name,
If once in Pow'r, they'd act the very *same*.

E. M. That's Cobweb Sophistry---Did they not fill
The noblest Posts; And had they not, pray, *still*,
But that they greatly scorn'd to *league* with those,
Who were at once their King's and Country's Foes?

G. M. Well, Sir, as there is nothing I can say
Will with your starch'd unbending Temper weigh?
My last *best ANSWER* I'll in *Writing* leave;
Pray mark it-- E. M. How! May I my Eyes believe?

G. M. You may--- I thought I should convince you
E. M. Yes,

That Fame for once spoke Truth---And as for *This*---
G. M. Furies! My *thousand Bank*, Sir, E. M. Thus I tear,

Go, blend, *Corruption*, with *corrupting* Air.

G. M. Amazing Frenzie! Well, if this won't do,
What think you of a *Pension*? E. M. As of *You*.

G. M. A *Place*---E. M. Be gone, G. M. A *Title*---E. M.
is a *Lie*.

When ill conferr'd G. M. A *Ribband*---E. M. I defie.

G. M. Farewell then Fool---If you'll accept of *Neither*,
You and your Country may be *damn'd* together.

F I N I S.



